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MY

GRANDMOTHER:

DRAMATIS PERSONAE
A MUSICAL FARCE,

IN TWO ACTS,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, HAY-MARKET.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED

By Mr. STORACE

LONDON:

Printed for J. SELLERS, WAPPING.

1797.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

<i>Sir Matthew Medley,</i>	- - -	Mr. Waldron,
<i>Vapour,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Bannister, Junr
<i>Woodly,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Sedgwick,
<i>Gossip,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Suett,
<i>Souffrance,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Wewitzer,
<i>Tom,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Bland,
<i>Servant,</i>	- - - - -	Mr. Lyons.

WOMEN.

<i>Florella,</i>	- - - - -	Signora Storace,
<i>Charlotte,</i>	- - - - -	Mrs. Bland.

SCENE.—*The Country.*



MY
GRANDMOTHER.

ACT I.

SCENE—*A Chamber of an Inn, Bells ringing, a violent noise.*

ENTER TOM.

COMING—coming, what the Devil is the matter,
Souffrance—Souffrance!—(*Rings again*)

Enter SOUFFRANCE (Napkin and fork.

Hallo, vat is de matter, I can no eat my little bit of chicken in quiet.

Tom. Don't you hear?

Souf. Oh! dat is my master.

Tom, I wish the Devil had your master then.

Souf. Vy, don't you know what is the matter with my master—my master is vimfical—he fancy himself all manner of tings in de whole world, de sexton, de gravedig, de ploughman.

Tom. A ploughman!

Souf. Nui—My master vas go to de masquerade, and find de picture of a young lady, vich he fall so much in love vid, dat he is go to kill himself—my master is vat you call de hypo—chondrial.

Tom. Hypo—who. (*Ring again*)

A 2

VAP.

VAPOUR. (*without*)

Waiter—Souffrance—Am I to wait here all day?

Souf. Here, take a de forcet—give me my little b
of chicken, though. (*Exit To*

Enter VAPOUR,

Ah, Souffrance, I am going to drown myself.

Souf. Ah, no fair.

Vap. Yes—I will—I will drown myself—there is th
finest pond in the garden.

Souf. Ah! fair, forvy you drown yourself?

Vap. What right have you to ask? you are my ser-
vant, and have no right to ask questions—I will drown
myself.

Souf. Ah, fair, when you get into dis vay!

Vap. Yes, I know I am an afs, a fool, a blockhead
an idiot.

Souf. Me no right to contradict you, fair, but fair
when your papa die, you fancy yourself every ting in d
world, you vas de sexton, de clerk, de grave-dig, and d
coffin—den you fancy yourself de great bell, and you
head de clappair, and go ba—ba—ba.

Vap. Oh! that was folly—but now I have reason—
cool reason on my side—s'death, to think I should fal
in love with a picture, pick't up at a masquerade, which
perhaps represents no person living.

(*Taking a miniature from his pocket*

Look Souffrance, what eyes!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What a mouth!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What a countenance!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. What expression!

Souf. Nui.

Vap. Oh! I will go drown myself.

Souf. Ah! no fair, you no drown yourself.

Vap.

Vap. Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think I should be such a fool, ~~that I swore~~ never to be in love! —Ha!—ha—ha—If I laugh too much, I shall bring on the hystericks, I am very ill, my eyes are sunk.

Souf. Dey wou'd be sunk if you vas fling yourself in de pond.

Vap. I am very weak.

Souf. Oh! fair, 'tis all fancy.

Vap. You lie, you rascal (*strikes him*) I've no more strength than a mouse.

Souf. I am ver glad dere be no more such mouse in de house, but fair, if I might advise, I wou'd throw de picture in de pond.

Vap. An excellent thought, Souffrance, and yet how can I find in my heart to do it!—here you shall take it, find the deepest part of the pond, and—why don't you take it?

Souf. Oh! 'tis diamond, I vil take care you shall never see it more.

Vap. Stay, Souffrance—there is more philosophy in getting the better of one's folly, so give it me again.

Souf. No, fair.

Vap. Give it me again, you rascal—I'll go instantly to Sir Matthew, he has expected me these two days, so get the horses ready directly.

Souf. Sair, dey have not eat dere little bit of corn—I have no time to eat my bit of chicken myself.

Vap. Why did you not give them their corn yesterday, I can't stay, Sir Matthew expects me?

Souf. You will not go dat figure.

Vap. What is the matter with my figure, I am sure it will do very well?

Souf. Oh, fair! you be no dress—you be no shave.

Vap. Damnation, it will take an hour to get a barber.

Souf. Sair, dare be one maitre Gossip wait at your appoint, dis half hour.

Vap. Shew him in, I'll be shaved directly.

Souf. Maitre Gossip, you come shave my master.

Enter GOSSIP.

Servant fir.

Vap. Come, shave me directly, don't prate, Sir Matthew will be glad to see me.

Gof. I won't say a word, ah, fir,—ah, fir—I shav'd your father's honour.

Vap. You did.

Gof. Yes, fir, I shav'd him every morning, when he was in these parts.

Vap. Well, fir—very well, fir.

Gof. Your father set me up here, fir.

Vap. Damn me, I'll set you down, if you don't shave me.

Gof. I don't know any body I wou'd sooner take by the nose and chin, altho' he's dead.

Vap. I wish you wou'd not bother me about my father's nose and chin, but shave me.

Gof. Ah! fir, I shall have more pleasure in shaving you than you're aware of, I have a respect for every hair in your chin.

Vap. Why don't you shave me?

Gof. Lord, fir, you're as queer as a quartern of soap after a week's wash—your father wou'd not use me in this manner, he lik'd to hear me talk, Dicky Gossip says he—he always call'd me Dicky, you're my barbatic—barbatic was not that drole—

Vap. Damn me, why don't you shave me?

Gof. Shave you directly, fir, did you hear of the news?

Vap. No, fir, or do I wish to hear of it, I wish you would shave me.

Gof. Some very particular events likely to happen, I shan't fail to foretell, at least by the time it will happen, for you must know, fir, I am a bit of a star-gazer, a sort of an almanack maker, a kind of a poor Robin.

Vap. I did not send for a poor Robin, I sent for a barber to shave me.

Gof. Ah, fir, I am not only a barber, I am a man of many callings,

Vap.

Vap. I wish you was a man of few words, with all my heart—your razor must be sharp enough.

Gof. Sharp, fir, why its as smooth as fatten, cut like the wind.

Vap. Like the east wind I suppose, cut my face in two.

Gof. That's a good joke, come I like that, but it wou'd not do in our shop, it wou'd be a forfeit.

Vap. Damn your shop—why don't you shave me?

Enter TOM.

Master Gossip—master Gossip—the grocer's is on fire in your street, you must make haste, or it will be at your house presently.

Gossip (draws a chair and sits down.)

I know it, I saw it in the sky, I was sure of it, I told them so in my almanack, says I, there will be a fire one day this month.

Vap. I suppose, fir, you expect me to shave you, now I shall never get shaved.

(Walks about Gossip following.)

Gof. Oh fir! shave you directly.

Enter SOUFFRANCE.

Sair, de horses are ready.

Vap. Then I'll go.

[Exit Vapour]

Gof. Give me my napkin, he's gone with my napkin.

Tom. Master Gossip, make haste, or the village will be all on fire,

Gof. Can't go without my napkin, must have my napkin.

Enter VAPOUR.

Damme, fir! why don't you come and shave me, am I to wait all day? *(Snatches his wig and exit, followed by Gossip and Souffrance.)*

SCENE

MY GRANDMOTHER,

SCENE—I Garden.

*Enter FLORELLA, gathering Roses,*AIR FLORELLA—*Pasello.*

ARE ye fair, like op'ning roses? tender maidens, ah,
beware!

When its bloom the heart discloses, love will find a
dwelling there,

Prudence then in vain opposes, youth is never wise as
fair.

Enter WOODLY,

Florella, still in masquerade?

Flor. Don't mention it, Mr. Woodly, still fighting and
dying after my cousin Charlotte, there she is, go and
speak to her.

Wood. Such is the power she has over me, that I am
not able to comply with her commands.

AIR—WOODLY.

Cruel fair, who secret anguish can with wanton pride
impart,

Can behold a lover languish, sporting with his faithful
heart.

Her, let every beauteous maiden, her, let every constant
swain,

With her Woodly's fate upbraiding, banish from the
smiling plain.

[Exit Woodly.]

Enter CHARLOTTE.

Well, Florella, still in that masquerade dress?

Flor.

Flor. Shall I never hear the last of going to a poor harmless masquerade?

Char. From which you confess you return'd with the loss of your heart and picture; they are sufficient motives for your uncle's displeasure.

Flor. My dear cousin, I'll tell you, my heart I did loose to be sure, but as for the picture——

Char. Hey day! what next?

Flor. Why, that I put in Mr. Vapour's way, on purpose that he might pick it up, and his eyes——

Char. Oh! his eyes to be sure!

Flor. Were so fix'd on it, that I had a great mind to unmask, and shew him the original, if it had not been for the dignity of the sex, my dear cousin.

Char. You're a giddy mad girl, but what do you intend to do with Mr. Vapour?

Flor. Not treat him as you do poor Woodly.

Char. Would you have me run into his arms?

Flor. Which you wou'd find no hard matter, for he has held them open to you these two years,

Char. Well—well—I must go and prepare for the reception of Mr. Vapour.

Flor. But I wish you wou'd let me go and ask my uncle's pardon now?

Char. No—no!—no man's temper's more mild, when taken at a proper season, but now his head's as crowded as a newspaper, and in as much confusion as your work-bag, what with the thoughts of his new varnish, and the expectation of Mr. Vapour—I'll speak to him for you.

Flor. Well, speak to him soon.

Char. In the mean time, you keep out of Mr. Vapour's fight.

[Exit Charlotte.]

FLOR. (Taking a mask from her arm.)

Oh! dear enchanting mask, 'tis to you I owe all the delightful pleasure I now feel?

AIR

AIR—FLORELLA,

On the lightly sportive wing, at pleasure's call we fly.
Hark! they dance, they play, they sing, in merry,
merry revelry.

Hark! the tabors lively beat, hark! the flutes in numbers sweet,

Fill the night, with delight, at the masquerade.

Beneath this mask what tender woes we softly have reveal'd
Secure, that while the bosom glows, our blushes lie
conceal'd!

Let grave ones warn us as they may, of ev'ry harmless
joy afraid,

While we're young, while we're gay, let us frolick and
play at the masquerade.

Hither trips along a beau so smart, dear heart; pretty
lass, this way—soft, soft, stay here!—my dear!

'Tis a favour, sir, I must deny—Oh fie! can I trust
myself alone with you?—adieu!

Then amid the crowd we mix again, and join the motly
train.

Let the grave one's, &c.

[Exit Florella.

SCENE—A Saloon with pictures on each side, with curtains.

Enter SIR MATTHEW and CHARLOTTE,

SIR MATTHEW.

I wonder Mr. Vapour is not come! but I am glad he
did not come until I had varnish'd my pictures (*walks up
to the pictures and draws the curtain*) let's see how they
look

look—very well—very well indeed, another coat of varnish and then.

Char. perhaps he has fell in love, and forgot his appointment.

Sir Mat. Fell in love! no—no—he may have fell from his horse perhaps, he made a vow never to fall in love.

Enter SERVANT.

Mr. Vapour, sir.

Sir Mat. Where is he? where is the dear boy?

Enter VAPOUR.

Ah—ah—Mr. Vapour, I am glad to see you!

Vap. Happy to see you, Sir Matthew, madam, you most obedient. (*Bows*)

Sir Mat. Ah! that bow puts me in mind of your father. Do you know, Charlotte, this gentleman's father was fond of pictures—why, what's the matter Mr. Vapour?

Vap. Nothing—nothing, Sir Matthew!

Sir Mat. Why, you an't ill, are you?

Vap. Never in better spirits in my life, do I look ill madam?

Char. You look as if you was in love.

Vap. If I do it is a symptom of the liver complaint.

Char. No, its the heart.

Vap. No, its the liver—I know I shall be ill of an ague, or St. Anthony's fire, or an attack on my chest—my throat feels queer, I am going to have the mumps—hem—pray Sir Matthew do I look billious?

Sir Mat. No, no.

Vap. Hectic.

Sir Mat. No—no—you're the picture of rude health:

Vap. Then I shall die of a plethora,

Sir Mat. Come, come, leave off this nonsense, and come

come and look at my picture—I am told you have a little love for a picture.

Vap. Zounds! has he discover'd my weakness. (*Aside*

Sir Mat. Here's one by Guido, and this by Salvator Rosa, but there's a (*draws the curtain*) picture.

[*Vapour starts.*

Vap. The very same as the miniature in my pocket! (*runs to Sir Matthew*) Oh! my dear Sir Matthew!

Sir Mat. What is the matthew? now some new disguise.

Vap. Oh! Sir Matthew, by all the types of friendship that ever subsisted between our families—tell me who that divine picture represents.

Sir Mat. What do you think it pretty?

Vap. Never was beauty to equal it! any of your family, Sir Matthew?

Sir Mat. Why; yes its my grandmother.

Vap. Your grandmother! is she living?

Sir Mat. No, why if she had been alive now, she had been, let me see—aye—a hundred and twenty-two.

Vap. Did she sing?

Sir Mat. Oh yes, our family were all musical.

Vap. Did she play on the guitar?

Sir Mat. Who?

Vap. Your grandmother.

Sir Mat. Why, you seem to have taken a great liking for my grandmother, but come into the garden and see my improvement, and the gold and silver fish.

[*Exit Sir Matthew and Charlotte.*

Vap. I'll attend you Sir Matthew—S'death, that I should live to years of discretion, and fall in-love with an old fellow's grandmother.

AIR—VAPOUR.

Ah, me! I am lost and forlorn! no hope can my anger
affuage;

For, alas! long before I was born, my fair one died of
old age.

Ah, Well-a-day! Well-a-day,

Why,

A MUSICAL FARCE.

15

Why, Time, should'st thou be so uncouth ! why wither
her beauties divine ?

Why rob her of every tooth, before I had cut one of mine !
Ah, Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !

At night to her tomb I'll repair, bewailing she ne'er was
my bride ;

Cut a lock of her lovely grey hair, if any was left when
she died.

Ah, Well-a-day ! Well-a-day !

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE—A Garden.

Enter FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, and WOOLLY.

AIR—CHARLOTTE.

Full twenty times you've heard my mind,

You're not the man I hope to find,

Or can for life approve ;

In spite of all that you can say,

I'm still inclin'd to answer nay,

And never think of love.

Give o'er your teasing, 'tis in vain,

From me your suit will nothing gain,

My will you'll never move.

When I resign my hand and heart,

I'll have a lad gay, brisk and smart,

Or never think of love.

B

Flore.

Flor. Well, Charlotte, what do you think of Mr. Vapour?

Char. Think, why he's a thousand more whims than a fine lady, and in a little time would fancy you some strange monster or other.

Flor. So he did not fancy himself one I should not care, they say nervous men make the best husbands, for you may fret them to death whenever you like; but why don't you pity poor Woodly there?

Char. I must support the dignity of the sex.

Flor. The dignity of the sex is best supported by a good husband, and if Mr. Vapour should like me—

Char. What then?

Flor. Why then I would marry him to support the dignity of the sex my dear cousin.

Char. Well—well, how goes on your scheme?

Flor. Oh! charmingly, you'll not betray us Woodly?

Wood. No—indeed, not I.

Char. Ah! no—no—you may rely on him, a look is enough.

Flor. Then he deserves kinder ones than you have given him lately, however.

Wood. I'm glad I have an advocate in you Miss Florella, but why, my dear Charlotte, don't you believe these tender sighs?

TRIO.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, and WOODLY.

Flor. { Ah! believe these plaintive sighs,

Woodly. { Uneasing still when you appear!

Charlotte. Ah! forbear these plaintive sighs,
Uneasing still when I appear.

Flor. { Tell not me, you can despise

Woodly. { A constant heart and vows sincere;

Charlotte. Tell not to me, that I despise
A constant heart, and vows sincere.

Faith

Faith, in native colours shewn,
Wins at length our yielding heart;
Pleas'd an equal flame we own,
Pleas'd an equal joy impart.

[Exeunt

SCENE—A Hall.

Enter GOSSIP, meeting SOUFFRANCE.

Gof. Ah! ah! my old boy, give us your hand, how do you do, I am very glad to see you where are you going?

Souf. I vas go to de apotecare of de village.

Gof. The apothecary, very well, stay where you are.

Souf. I can no stay, me must go for de apotecare for my master.

Gof. Stay where you are, stay where you are, I am the apothecary, I came here on a bit of a carpentering job for Miss Florella, so I thought I might as well bring the decoction for your master in my pocket.

Souf. Vat apotecaire carpentair, barbore?

Gof. Dentist and taylor at your service, ecce signum, (Shewing a flannel waistcoat)

Souf. Vat is dat?

Gof. Vat is dat—why a flannel waistcoat to be sure, which every body knows is design'd for our brave troops abroad. who, while we're at home warm and snug in our shops, defy cold, wet and hunger, for the good welfare of old England.

Souf. Dat is ver good.

Gof. Very good, I believe it is indeed, its a very good thing for me I know, I always carry one about me ready cut out, that I may loose no time in the job, I feel my heart so warm in the cause, that when I take my shiers in my hand, and extend my finger and thumb, just to take my simple allowance of cabbage, damme they drop out of my hand—can't take my cabbage.

Souf. Monsieur Gossip, how you be so many trade?

Gof. Why, as you're a foreigner, I'll tell you all about

B 3

it,

it, first you know shaving was born with me, *I* was born a shaver—bleeding follows of course.

Souf. Nui, *I* dare say ven you shave——

Gof. Now my other trades are took up by motives of convenience. for being an apothecary, *I* sometimes keep my customers longer in the village than they otherwise might wish to stay—you know if they die, then *I* am a carpenter, and so finish my own job, but if they should happen to recover, then *I* am a taylor, and make their cloaths—can't walk abroad you know without being fashionable.

Souf. You be great many trades for one man—vy vas you not de sexton, and de grave-dig too?

Gof. *I* should have been—I should been, but *I* let my brother-in-law have them.

Souf. Oh! den 'tis all in de family.

Gof. To be sure, never let any thing go out of the family—never—never.

Souf. Dat is right, dat is right.

Gof. Did you ever see my sign?

Souf. No.

Gof. Never see my sign! its the prettiest sign in the village, hangs over the door, under the pole, its the sign of the four-outs.

Souf. Four-outs.

Gof. Ah, four outs, there's wrote in large letters, GOSSIP, that's me, you know my name's Gossip.

Souf. Ah! *I* know you Gossip.

Gof. Gossip, dentist, taylor, apothecary and carpenter, *I* draw-out, *I* cut-out, rout-out, and lay-out.

Souf. Den you never out.

Gof. Come, that's a very good joke for a Frenchman, Oh! *I*'d like to forget. here's the decoction for your master, mind and shake it, always shake it, for the best is at the bottom.

Souf. Vat is dis, vinegar and brickdust? will it no hurt my master?

Gof. No—no—it won't hurt him, *I* take care never to hurt my nervous customers, they are the best customers

ers I have to my back, tho' they are always ailing, they never die, so I don't get much out of them in the carpentering line, but as long as I hammer something out of them, I don't care how it is;—do you know they wrote a song of me in these parts? they call me the wonderful barber or Jack of all trades? I'll sing it you.

AIR—GOSSIP.

When I was a younker, I first was apprentic'd
Unto a gay barber, so dapper and airy,
I next was a carpenter, then turn'd a dentift,
Then taylor good lord! then an apothecary.

But for this trade or that, they all come as pat as they can,
For shaving and tooth-drawing, bleeding, cabbaging and
sawing,

Dicky Gossip is the man.

Tho' taylor and dentift but awkwardly tether,
In both the vocations I still have my savings;
And two of my trades couple rarely together,
For barber and carpenter both deal in *shavings*,
So for this trade or that, they all come as pat, &c.

But blunders will happen in callings so various,
I fancy they happen to some who are prouder;
I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
A terrible dose of my best *shaving powder*.
But no matter for that, my trades come as pat, &c.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE—The Salloon.

Enter VAPOUR.

I've slipt from Sir Matthew to take another look at
the object of my passion, my passion!—my folly!—Oh!
that I was born three generations after thee, (*draws the
other curtain*) what's here! his grandfather, this is my
rival

rival—oh if I had him here—this is the lovely picture—
(Draws the curtain and discovers Florella dress'd as the picture, with a guitar) it looks fresher than ever, now I am
 such a fool I could fancy it was alive, there seems life in
 the eyes, it seems to breathe, Oh! my brain is certainly
 turn'd, I'll go back to Sir Matthew—*(she shams)* I could
 almost persuade myself I heard her touch the guitar.

AIR—FLORELLA.

Say how can words a passion feign,
 Where love ne'er taught to languish?

Or, when we own the tyrant's reign,

What art can veil our anguish?

The God of love alike disdains

To lend *his* form, or wear *our* chains.

Vap. Oh! its alive—its alive!

Enter SOUFFRANCE.

Souf. Sair, de horses are ready.

Vap. Souffrance, its alive—its alive!

Souf. Vat is alive?

Vap. Why, Sir Matthew's grandmother, *(pushes of Souffrance)* now I'll have one sweet embrace, *(as he gets on the table the picture drops down)* Sweet enchanting angelic—Oh!—

Enter SIR MATTHEW, CHARLOTTE, and WOODLY.

Sir Mat. Here, Mr. Vapour—Mr. Vapour!

Vap. Oh! Sir Matthew, did you hear it?

Sir Mat. Hear what?

Vap. Hear her sing.

Sir Mat. You're a finging in your head, I fancy.

Vap. O yes, I am certainly crazy, well, good bye Sir Matthew, I'll go immediately.

Sir Mat. Mr. Vapour you're not going, there's all the neighbours coming to pay their respects to you.

Vap. Yes—yes—Sir Matthew, I must go directly.

Sir Mat

Sir Mat. Nay—nay—stay—Charlotte, you told me somebody wanted to speak to me, now I have a little time: let them come in.

Char. O sir, she is no stranger.

Enter FLORELLA, kneeling to Sir Matthew.

Flor. Pray Sir forgive—

Vap. 'Tis—'tis she!

Sir Mat. 'Tis who?

Vap. Why, your grandmother.

Sir Mat. Ha—ha—ha—this is allowing to the family resemblance of my niece to my grandmother.

Flor. Pray sir, forgive this juvenile indiscretion.

[*Kneeling.*

Vap. Here I am rooted for ever, unless you forgive whatever juvenile indiscretion your grandmother has been guilty of.

Sir Mat. Rise—rise, Mr. Vapour, I do forgive her, I do forgive my niece. [*Embracing Florella*

Vap. O! this is alive, so you're Sir Matthew's niece are you?

Flor. Charlotte can answer you that.

Vap. And not his grandmother.

Flor. No—that I can answer myself.

Vap. Oh! Sir Matthew, will you bestow your grand—your niece on me in marriage?

Sir Mat. Aye—take her, and I will give you my grandmother into the bargain—Charlotte, I see you like him too, so take her Woodly.

Vap. But what says my divine Florella?

Flor. Will you love me, Mr. Vapour?

Vap. Yes, for ever, if its only for the sake of Sir Matthew's grandmother.

MY GRANDMOTHER,

FINALE.

FLORELLA, CHARLOTTE, WOOLLY, and CHORUS.

FLOR.

Tho' now betroth'd in early life, I died in days of yore,
And happy you will take to wife, a grandam of fourscore,

WOOD.

When blest with Charlotte's hand and love, we'll kiss
till we grow old,
May she in time a grandam prove, but never prove a scold.

CHORUS.

Since Wedlock must at last ensue, let's wed, and say no
more.
Our mother's and our grandams too, they all did so before,

VAPOUR.

Soon on my knee a boy may sit, and call me dear papa,
In fifty years some little tit (*To Florella*) may squall out
grand mama.

CHAR.

Tho' former times were not amiss, we're happier in our
own,
The type of England's nuptial bliss, now sits upon the
throne.

CHORUS.

Since Wedlock, &c.



F I N I S.

3.

yore,
core,

kiss
cold.

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on the